

HUNTING SERIOUS SYMPTOMS IN THE BABY

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

MY wife is the peerless tracer of lost symptoms. She is always unearthing symptoms of the most serious imaginable kind, being gifted with the nursing instinct. In fact she narrowly missed training for a nurse, was about ready for her diploma when I happened along in a beautiful white linen suit and a knowing air such as all young internes wear and persuaded her that nursing was an overcrowded profession whereas—

To be sure we both had our little indispositions now and then in the course of our earlier years of house-keeping. And we always summoned a good doctor—my wife insisted on seeing a good doctor on these occasions—and the doctor always laughed and told us to forget it, which we did, even if he had the nerve to mail a reminder a few weeks later.

For a year after Dorothy came this good doctor spent about as much time around the house as I did—and I'm a great fellow to fool around the house when all the other doctors are out studying cases. It was now that Blanche's dormant versatility began to manifest itself.

The good doctor—he wore drapery on his chin, and I didn't seem to appreciate the many little pointers Blanche was always giving him on babyology; he seemed to take the greatest interest in the slightest mishaps of infancy. I've seen him sit and listen to Blanche talking for one solid hour about some small ailment, the two of them so absorbed in the discussion that they were apparently oblivious of the baby's screams and my mutterings, and I distractedly pacing the floor trying in vain to pacify the darling till they could conclude their conference. There was one saving feature about all these little consultations, however: Blanche always had on her nursing apron and the doctor always had his sleeves rolled up as though they were about to do something.

You will understand Blanche better when we say that she subscribed to a popular magazine that gave her a lot of inside information about babies. She was up on bathing, diet, dress. Obviously the doctor couldn't gainsay anything she found in the magazine, no matter if our baby was entirely unlike the kind described in the published articles.

I sometimes felt sorry for the doctor. The poor fellow was actually so rushed with work he couldn't hope to keep posted on what all the magazines were printing about babies, so he simply had to smother his embarrassment and accept gratefully whatever Blanche pleased to retail to him regarding the care and feeding of infants. Young ladies who contribute to the magazines should be more considerate of the family doctor's pride; they should endeavor to make the advice vague and general and give the doctor a chance. He has to earn his livelihood too.

There was one occasion in the course of Dorothy's second summer when I happened home early from the office one Sunday morning (about 2 o'clock) and found the doctor's old red roadster at the door. I could hear the baby screaming like the very Ned as I hurried up the front stairs. Just outside the bedroom door stood Blanche in her weekday kimono and the doctor in his shirt sleeves arguing as to whether protein or carbohydrate causes colic. The doctor stood out for carbohydrate, if I recall; old timers always did look askance at sugar, though sugar constitutes half the solid matter in a baby's natural food. But the magazine, speaking through a confident and determined mouthpiece, declared flatly for protein. The baby evidently didn't care a pink sock which it was so long as the yelling was satisfactory.

The incident nettled me a trifle. While I realized my ethical duty of silence in the presence of a senior colleague, it did seem to me that a compromise might be reached somehow and some definite course of procedure decided on. But no, they were so enthralled with the debate that they scarcely noticed me at all as I rushed past and into the bedroom just in time to rescue the baby from a permanent state of apnea.

As soon as I felt sure she was going to breathe again I took old fashioned measures and presently confronted the discomfited debaters with a missing

Case of the Mother Who Studied Medicine in the Magazine and Applied the Knowledge to Her Child

safety pin. In the pregnant silence that followed I paid the doctor a compliment for his faithful attendance, placed the cooing baby in her crib and started to tuck her in when—would you believe it—they went at it again as eagerly as ever, this time trying to decide whether the chloric or the percentage method of feeding was preferable after weaning, and I must say Blanche was right there with her data. Before they finished that morning she made the doctor confess he couldn't tell just what a caloric was—and I suspect Blanche didn't know either, only the doctor hadn't the courage to challenge her for a definition.

One would naturally suppose that the neighbors would be a bit chary of making diagnoses or prescribing for a doctor's own children. Chary? Not a bit of it. Neighbors do not discriminate in that way. They just ignore the fact that there's a doctor in your family and tell you to try so and so, that old Dr. So and So gave it to Mrs. So and So's baby and it worked like a charm.

Whenever any of our friends dropped in and the baby happened to be a bit cross or peevish they always wondered if it might not be her teeth. They would have guessed wrong only they hadn't the face for that. So they contented themselves with teething. But Blanche always laughed at the idea. Her training came in fine here.

"Why, my dear," she would reply, "teething is a physiological process, is it not, so why should it cause illness or discomfort? No, I'm quite sure it's the excess of protein. I shall have to reduce to 3 per cent. mixture again." And the visitor would look mystified and change the subject.

When Dorothy attained the age of 11 months without cutting her second incisors Blanche became worried. She searched the literature on dentition and came to the conclusion that the baby was developing rickets. In rickets, it seemed, there is a lack of lime in the system. Plainly Dorothy was shy on lime. You could just tell it to feel her soft flesh. So we had the doctor up next day.

Blanche gave him the latest bulletins about calcium starvation—mineral starvation, she called it. It was a commonly overlooked factor of malnutrition, she explained. The human race suffered untold illnesses by reason of mineral starvation; there were various ailments attributable to insufficient mineral matter in food, such as anemia, neurasthenia, dyspepsia and rickets.

The doctor pulled reflectively at his beard—it was a dandy beard to pull at; I've often wanted to take a pull at it myself. As a suggestion to help him out of his quandary Blanche mentioned the use of lime water as a diluent in place of the barley water she had forced him to prescribe a month before.

The doctor acted rather uneasy. I know what I would have said to her if I had been in his place. But the doctor was a soft spoken man.

"Does Dorothy have head sweats?" he finally managed to inquire. He was feeling her wrists and running his hands over her ribs.

"Why, no—that is, not noticeably." Blanche reluctantly admitted. "But she is growing so fat, doctor. That's quite characteristic of rickets, you know. She's three pounds over normal weight for a baby of her age."

"The head seems to be well formed," commented the doctor evasively, feeling the fontanelle. "Frontal eminences are not particularly prominent. No indications of rickets as far as I can see."

"But her teeth—she has only two," Blanche persisted.

"Well, well, and how many should she have?" asked the doctor frankly. "She doesn't need any more as yet, perhaps. They'll come along when she has need of them, never fear."

"Mrs. Heller's baby is only eight months old and he has six teeth," persisted Blanche. "Dorothy ought to have six at least, doctor."

The doctor cogitated this problem soberly for a moment. "To tell the truth, I don't recall when the different teeth are supposed to arrive," he confessed without the slightest trace of embarrassment. "It's a thing I've never been able to keep in my mind. I used to know when I began practice—"

thought I had to know then—but it's so long since I've looked it up I've clean forgotten. Hah, hah! At any rate it doesn't matter, I assure you. So long as the baby thrives as well as she is doing at present we needn't care a

reading another that specializes on the health of mothers. You know the liberality of editors these days embraces every field of human interest and endeavor.

My wife's attention was merely sidetracked from the baby's health to her

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pleasure—it was the nearest thing to a kiss the doctor ever uttered—"we needn't care a

This pronouncement, pronounced with such unwonted vigor, took the wind completely out of Blanche's sails. After all the diagrams and columns of babyology the magazine had devoted to teething, to think that old Dr. — would go and overturn the whole thing with a word.

Blanche became discouraged, almost disconsolate. She not only refused to read the baby stuff any longer but ordered the magazine stopped and took to

own. What it would all end with I wondered. But anyway the old doctor and I met at the medical society rooms about that time and cordially felicitated one another on our mutual repulse.

"Crank" Inventors
IF ONE were hermetically sealed in the archives of the War and Navy departments, where are kept the crank inventions sent regularly to the military-naval authorities, and had no access to the newspapers, there would be no difficulty in reaching the

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But, of course, you didn't, because I never got into the newspapers. Censored? Well, no, not that exactly, but it never got in that I ever heard of. It happened while our ships were doing duty in Manila Bay that our meat supply ran short and other foods were nearly as scarce.

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"Most of us didn't know everything wasn't full regular in the transaction, but by and by those of us who were admitted into the know learned that the ship was English and had come over from Hongkong for the express purpose of being captured and held with her contraband cargo. Who was at the bottom of it and at whose suggestion it was done I don't know, and wouldn't tell if I did, but I do know that after the war was over our Government made all sorts of apologies, admitting that a mistake had been made and that full remuneration would be made to everybody and market prices paid for everything taken, including the ship if they wanted us to keep her. They didn't want to give up the ship and we sent her back, but nobody at Hongkong lost a cent on the transaction and England showed her friendship for us by a neat little trick that nobody ever got onto. And the neutrality laws didn't so much as receive a jar—that anybody knows of."

No matter where in New York the following happening happened, it happened:

A and B—which will answer for names—were in A's car with A at the wheel, as the owner usually is unless he is able to employ a chauffeur. They had been in the country and had been delayed a

car didn't notice it, but a vigilant policeman did and stopped the car. A, as driver and responsible party, began to explain. The policeman curtly silenced him.

"Aw!" he said in that pleasing tone policemen assume toward offending automobilists, "but it out, will you? I happen to know something about machines and I'll take you in."

A was scared and B took a hand. B is a person who is on the inside of a good many things. He is, furthermore, a person no policeman is anxious to stir up any more than is absolutely necessary.

"Aw!" he said in the pleasing tone a policeman who has a common sense assumes toward a policeman, "but it out, will you? I happen to know something about police men and —"

But before he finished the vigilant votary of law and order and other matters recognized him and he began apologizing and assisting in putting the lights right so there would be no more trouble of that kind.

A West Side clergyman who is considerable of a baseball fan was talking to a parishioner who has a similar weakness on recent disturbances of the game.

"What's the matter with baseball?" said the parishioner in response to a very natural query. "Well, there's nothing the matter with it except that it is becoming humanized. From long association with the human element it is gradually acquiring those disagreeable attributes which characterize human beings the world over—the mean ambitions, the graceless greed, the foolish envy, the shameful selfishness, the intolerant spirit and all the rest of the list of human limitations."

"In the beginning baseball was a divine institution, one might say, but its representatives and its environment became too many for it and it has started to slump. This has been the experience of religion, love and of politics, meaning government, and why should baseball be exempt from having the same thing the matter with it? It is the matter with all other humanized institutions. Being as close to humans as it has always been the wonder is that it stood the pressure as long as it did without losing its divinity."

conclusion that something of importance was transpiring outside of the United States. One of the surest indications of activity in army and navy operations is in the volume of curious propositions which come to the War and Navy departments, where there are facilities for the careful consideration of these suggestions. All of them are treated with profound courtesy. The most absurd and impracticable are accorded attention and are formally acknowledged.

Events at home or abroad are apt to control the character of these inven-

partments in Washington are those relating to bomb dropping devices, largely in anticipation of that function which may be allotted to aeroplanes and dirigible balloons. These bombs assume many ingenious forms. Some are loaded with a vapor which produces sleep, so that an enemy may be lulled into slumber and easily captured without loss of life and the suffering which comes from the explosion of bombs of more destructive character. One man suggested that the bombs be filled with printed leaflets that should make an appeal to an enemy and so instill a spirit of forgiveness and generosity and thus produce the sentiment of peace.

The same idea, the inventor explains, might be worked out to circulate in this fashion information regarding the irresistible strength of a foe and so strike terror and create demoralization on the part of those to whom the information is imparted.

There are also "incendiary" projectiles and bullets that, as the name and title implies, produce conflagration and are capable of creating havoc by fire.

In the class of devices that are defensive rather than offensive there is the arrangement of huge mirrors set up at such angles that the approaching enemy does not see the opposing force behind these mirrors, but gets the impression of terrain which is merely the reflection of that over which they are traversing. Then, here are the electrical devices which betray the approach of an enemy, such as threads stretched across the country which on fracture communicate with signals or sound alarms indicating the location of troops. There are hidden platforms which can be so nicely adjusted that there will be an indication at headquarters of the strength of the enemy and its character, whether infantry, cavalry or artillery.

One invention has to do with what is described in the files as "composite armor," which may be of alternate thicknesses, or, as in one case, be mounted on powerful springs, affording no adequate backing for the attacking shell to penetrate. The projectiles, it is represented, under such non-resisting target will bounce back, although it is not represented that their recoil will be of sufficient duration as to return and descend on those who are making the attack.

Another device, intended for the use of a huge wire netting, which shall be suspended over coast forts in such a way as to arrest the progress of projectiles. This suggests the torpedo net which the British war-ships use

Some of the designs cannot be classed, as in the case of one device which is recorded as a "war machine." The intention of its inventor was destruction in the maximum, but it could not be given a more definite name and is sufficiently fantastic as to defy description.

These and many other devices are regularly sent from all possible sources to the War and Navy departments. They are such as now are finding their way to the Europeans with such addresses as are prompted by the sympathy of the inventors. They are for the most part without the least possible value, but they are honest efforts, however pathetic, to contribute to the deadliness of warfare.



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The clergyman was amazed at sentiments like this from a parishioner and asked him to come prepared to talk at the Wednesday evening meeting on the subject.

An American army officer just back from Europe, whether he had gone before the war to look into certain governmental affairs or whether he had been sent to Germany when the trouble began, he wasn't telling everything to his New York friends but he did tell about some of his tribulations in Germany.

"I couldn't get in touch with our Ambassador," he said, "and didn't want to unless it became absolutely necessary. I thought I could tell you who I was and slip out of the country, but all the slip ways seemed to be suddenly closed and I was in danger of being suspected of some ulterior purpose or other. One when I met a German officer who had been extremely polite to me, as I told him I was an army man, I thought I'd strengthen my cause by telling him I had come there as an observer."

"I knew in other wars of military observers from other countries having all kinds of courtesies extended to them and I thought it would be the same this time. But it was not. On the contrary, my friend turned cold on the spot and I was given very promptly to understand that the observation business did not go on in Germany for a minute. Then I cut out and started for the frontier any way I could reach there, and it was hard going."

"My greatest difficulty was in getting enough to eat. Once for thirty hours I didn't have a bite and nobody would give or sell me anything. I tramped a long way and if I got anything to eat along the road it was presidential. Everywhere I was told by the people that they didn't have enough for themselves. Occasionally I would stop and hang around waiting for an opening, but the people positively would not eat as long as I was in sight. They had food stored away, but it was not for strangers."

"I believe they would have starved with me if I had hung on, but my object was not so much to discover how long they would go without food as it

was to discover some means of getting out of the country. Don't ask me how I finally managed to get out, but I got out, and I am with a bad taste in my mouth yet."

Two Union League Club men were talking party politics on a bench, so to say.

"Well," said one in a last breath tone, "somebody ought to do something to reverse the Republican party to the position of a major party."

"What's the use?" sighed the other. "What's the use? If it could be reversed wouldn't there be a Colonel party to smash it again as it did at Chicago?"

A Columbia professor with some ideas that woman suffrage is not fully all that is claimed for it was talking to a lady whose views were quite the other way and she had him rather in a corner.

"In my opinion," he said, "a woman's hand is all right to spank a baby with, but she should keep it off of the ballot box."

"Oh, I don't know," the lady replied airily. "In my opinion if the women could spank the ballot box as they do the babies we would have very much better politics all around."

A theatrical woman went into a Broadway drug store and loomed upon the show case. A drug dispenser advanced precipitately and smiled expectantly before her.

"Have you got any smokeless powder?" inquired the woman sternly.

The young man backed off in fear that the war was from the other side had unsettled the woman's mental balance.

"Smokeless powder?" he gasped. "No, madam, we haven't any. You will have to go to a gun store for that."

"You haven't got any, then?" she persisted, piercing him with her deep, dark eyes.

"No, madam," he said, all of a tremble by now.

"What do you call that in that box in the show case?" she asked, pointing at the article in question.

"That's ordinary face powder, lady," he explained feebly.

"Well, that's smokeless, isn't it?" she said with a silvery laugh at her own joke, and the debonaire drug dispenser was nearly overcome by the reaction.



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